Volume LXXV CHICAGO, MAY 13, 1915 Number 11

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

"I confess that I dream of the day when an English statesman shall arise with a heart too large for England, having courage in the face of his countrymen to assert of some suggested policy: 'This is good for your trade; this is necessary for your domination; but it will vex a people hard by; it will hurt a people further off; it will profit nothing to the general humanity; therefore, away with it! It is not for you or for me.' When a British Minister dares speak so, and when a British public applauds him speaking, then shall the nation be glorious, and her praise, instead of exploding from within, from loud civic mouths, come to her from without, as all worthy praise must—from the alliances she has fostered, and the peoples she has saved."

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 163
Susan Look Avery 165
Address by Hon. William Kent 166

THE PULPIT—
The Triumph of the Defeated.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones 167

CONTRIBUTED—
My Library XXVI.—Smith Baker 172

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion. XV. Matthew 170

POETRY—
When Dreams Depart.—*Julia C. R. Dorr* 163
The Greater Victory.—*S. E. Kiser* 165
O Love Divine.—*Augustus Wright Bomberger* ... 167
A Byway.—*Margaret Lee Ashley* 167
Her Life.—*Zitella Cocke* 171
Comparative Diet.—*John Kendrick Bangs* 175

THE STUDY TABLE—
Book Notes.—E. P. Powell 173

THE FIELD—
Meadville Theological School Convocation Week 174
A Self-Made Patriot 174
The Unitarian Pilgrimage to the Pacific Coast ... 175

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

W. H. KIDWELL & SON
Successors to
J. F. KIDWELL & BRO.
Florists and Decorators
923-929 E. 43rd St.
Phone Oakland 830
3806 Wentworth Ave.
Phone Yards 694

PRINTING
Attractive Printing for the Office, the Church, the Club. Moderate prices.
Oakland : Printing : Shop
743 E. 39th Street
Douglas 4305—PHONES—Auto. 71-671

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles
We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.
BISSELL LAUNDRY CO.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

Phone Douglas 3882 Established 1873
Wm. Wilson
Dealer in
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass and Glazing Tools, Cutlery and Hardware
We Give National Mileage Coupons with All Cash Purchases
3831-33 Cottage Grove Avenue :-: Chicago

R. Franz
Staple and Fancy Groceries and Meats
Fresh Vegetables and Fruits in Season
Telephone, Douglas 7014
732-734 East 39th Street - Chicago

Telephone, Douglas 665
John G. Hope
PAINTING AND DECORATING
PAINTERS' SUPPLIES
WALL PAPER
GLASS
3811 Cottage Grove Ave.
Chicago

THE Keeley Treatment
For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always
We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.
Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.
The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FRANK R. PRIEVE, President
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3276
Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Private Limousine Cars
AT REASONABLE RATES
For All Purposes
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE
Phones Douglas 3268 Douglas 3269 Automatic 79-806
OAKLAND AUTO LIVERY
821 E. 39th STREET
Garages 716 E. 39th ST. 1034 E. 43rd ST.

FOR **Ice Cream**
Unexcelled in Flavor, Richness and Purity, telephone Oakland 290
FROZEN ARTS
743 East 43rd St.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM **COAL** DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXV THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1915. NUMBER 11

WHEN DREAMS DEPART.

When dreams depart, then it is time to die.
Nay, thou art dead when thy dear dreams depart,
Even though thy ghost still haunts the crowded mart,
Still with proud grace salutes the passer-by,

Reaps golden grain when the hot sun rides high,
Sails the far seas with compass and with chart,
Of the world's burdens bears its wonted part,
Or faces doom with calm, undaunted eye.

For dreams—they are the very breath of life;
The "little leaven" that informs the whole;
Wine of the gods, poured from the upper skies;

Manna from heaven, to nerve thee for the strife.
Fetter thy dreams and hold them fast, O soul!
When they depart, it is thyself that dies.

The Century Magazine. —*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

That was quick returns to our note in last week's UNITY concerning the Lincoln Centre Farm in Wisconsin that by return mail brought a check with the following kind words:

We have just read in the last UNITY that you are anxious to raise $1,500 for the improvement of the "Children's Summer Camp." It is a very worthy object and we sincerely hope you may be able to accomplish your desire. We are sending a check for $200 to help in the good work.

The American League to Limit Armaments, of which L. Hollingsworth Wood, 43 Cedar Street, New York City, is Secretary, seeks "to combat militarism and the spread of the militaristic spirit in the United States, to promote a sane national policy for the preservation of international law and order with the least reliance upon force and to seek the efficient use of money appropriated for the purpose." It solicits memberships with the annual dues of one dollar. It is a most worthy cause which needs befriending. We hope many UNITY readers will enroll themselves.

The government has developed a new insecticide, "non-inflammable, harmless to human beings and odor not very bad." All that is necessary is to expose it in a room and its evaporation will kill moths, flies, roaches, ants and similar pests. If this thing works, what a boon! If it could only reach the spiritual pests that distress the mind and heart with envy and jealousy and the distressing gad-flies that promote gossip and make "tell-tales," how much greater the boon? This useful discovery bears the formidable name, Paradichlorobenzene, which is conveniently pronounced for us: Pear'-a-die-chlo'-ro-ben-zene.

The recent survey taken by the United States government in Ohio discovered that it costs on an average to board and house each person on the farm $197 per annum. At that rate it takes forty acres to pasture a person. Surely intensive farming is needed in the United States. But the *American Magazine* for May figures out that it costs the average golfer in the average town $182.50 per annum, and it reasons that there will be thousands who will spend three or four times this amount. Perhaps there is no connection between the farmers' necessity and the golfers' luxury; but, perhaps, also, there is.

A correspondent, reared in the All Souls Sunday School in Chicago, trained to its activities and a constant reader of UNITY, writes from a western state, accompanying her subscription, "I certainly could not do without UNITY in my home. I have been casting my first vote this morning and hope the best people win. We had a splendid Sunday School Conference here last week and we were fortunate to have a dear little woman delegate as our guest, who has lived twenty years in Denver, traveled extensively and is Superintendent of Elementary Sunday School Work in Colorado. We had a splendid Union Meeting at the Methodist Church with a large audience of Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists and Baptists. I miss the Unity hymns ever so much in the church service here. They are sweeter and more beautiful than the ones we have to sing. I have worked, however, as faithfully as I can among the women." This is high practice of the faith UNITY professes, to receive and give such fellowship as circumstances will permit.

And still it is true that "it is better to go to a house of mourning than to a house of feasting." The darkness that settles upon the earth reveals the stars; the calamities of time forge the golden links in the endless chain that binds the fateful life of man to things eternal. The great dailies have their dark pages illuminated in these days with the stories of self-sacrifice, of deliberate action in the wild moments of the Lusitania's wrecking. Last Monday's issue of the *Chicago Tribune* contained many columns of interviews coming from a dozen or more state governors, eminent men in the professions, bankers, politicians and men of affairs—and there was a touching and wise unanimity in their confidence in President Wilson's policy of deliberation and in their recognition of the complexity of the situation and there was almost an unani-

mous desire to avoid war declarations which would be only a preliminary for further atrocities, the killing of more innocent men by men as innocent. In the mad determination to perfect the militant power of nations there has been sad and criminal neglect of the study and practice of diplomacy. Indeed, this highest exercise of the social functions has come to bear a sinister meaning and "diplomat" and "diplomacy" are words more often used in contempt than in respect. Now the United States is called upon to display the higher statesmanship and the profounder wisdom.

Programs for the annual May meetings in Boston and elsewhere are lying thick on the editorial table, among which there is none fresher or likely to arouse more enthusiasm and consequently lay the outlines for future work and growth than the one issued by the "Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice," the anniversary meeting of which will be held at the Bulfinch Place Church, Boston, on Thursday, May 27. A Sunday evening meeting is planned at which the Rev. Everett D. Martin of Des Moines, Iowa, is to speak on the "Social Factors of Pragmatism," the Rev. Alexander Padgham on the "Economical Value of Woman in the Home." At the laymen's meeting Charles H. Livermore of the World's Peace Foundation and W. Harris Crook, representing the Woman's Peace Society, are to discuss "International Justice." The Free Religious Association has come to its forty-eighth annual program, to be held in Boston, May 27. These meetings have always been glow points during the anniversary week in Boston and the layout for the festival program promises to maintain the brilliant reputation of the past. "New Wars for Old" will be discussed with Dr. Charles W. Wendte presiding and with Mr. Charles Beals, Mr. Robert Woods, Mr. Edward Cummings and Mr. Charles Fleisher to speak. Program for the sixty-third meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference is before us. This year the Unitarian Church of Cincinnati is to be host. "Our Missionary Motive," "What Men Have a Right to Demand of a Free Church," "The Necessary Synthesis of Socialism and Mysticism," "The Necessary Synthesis of Socialism and Individualism," "Religious Patriotism and Internationalism" are some of the topics that fill up a rich program for May 18-20, the whole to close with a banquet with the Rev. John W. Day of St. Louis as Toastmaster.

It was a happy reunion at the Lincoln Centre last Sunday when Mr. and Mrs. William Kent were at their old places in Church and in Sunday School. Mrs. Kent spoke interestingly to the Sunday School, over which she once presided as Superintendent, and Mr. Kent shared the sermon time with the minister. His words were such as well deserve the wider hearing which we are able to give to them in the columns of UNITY this week.

The Nation, published in London, of April 27 publishes what it calls the "Scenario of a play that might some day be written" entitled "The Great Chance," with Bertha Krupp, Gustave von Bohlan (her husband) and Uncle Nat (an American) constituting the chief characters. The play is in four acts in which the story of the secret of crucible steel is woven around the Krupp family, which, finally, installs and crowns this lone daughter of the great iron master as the "Cannon Queen of the World," the real director and dictator of wars. Germany, Austria, Russia, Belgium, France and England each bring their wreaths to lay at her feet with a presentation speech burdened with gruesome eloquence. The refrain to each address is "Glory, Glory, Glory to the Cannon Queen." The facts of the business sufficiently substaniate her imperial dignity. Eighty thousand work people are in her shops at Essen, three thousand miners in her coal mines in Silesia, five thousand in the copper mines of Spain, six thousand building battleships, submarines and torpedo boats at Kiel. Surely is not the responsibility settling down as a crown of thorns upon the brow of this "Cannon Queen," and does not this responsibility fall onto the humbler shops in America and elsewhere that are busy night and day in forging cannon, charging shells and making cartridges, every one of which is designed for murder? Whether this work be carried on in the United States or elsewhere the only justification offered is that it is good business, there is money in it. The United States has developed here and there a business man who carries his Sunday pretensions into the shop while he says, "I will not stain my hands with blood money. I will not pervert my business into the death dealing trade." Some day nations cannot preserve the confidence of the civilized world who practice neutrality in the letter and violate it in the spirit; and some day not far distant, nations will, at least, eliminate the thirst for gold and the sordid fever of greed from this hellish business by nationalizing the manufacture of all munitions of war and thus retire from the lobbies of parliaments and congresses the vicious influence of "Big Business" interests in war.

"All the others can sing," he dolefully said,
"All the others can sing," said he.
So he sat and he drooped. But as far and wide
The music was borne on the air's warm tide,
A sudden thought came to the sad little bird,
And he lifted his head as within him it stirred;
"If I cannot sing, I can listen!" he cried,
"Ho, ho! I can listen!" he cried.

—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

Susan Look Avery

We have been so preoccupied with things near and things transient that we have been scarcely conscious of a translation that though so natural, seems to human eyes so unnecessary. The name printed above stands for an energy, a moving spirit, a flowing stream, a life ever enlarging, a mind that defied the decrepitude of the body and the limitations of the flesh. Well up to the century mark, in the ninety-eighth year, Mrs. Avery, the tireless champion of the unfortunate, the persistent student of radical movements, the abolitionist when abolitionism meant heroism, the friend of the blackman in circles where such loyalties were unfashionable and scarcely respectable, the interpreter and supporter of Single-Tax, the sympathetic student of socialism, the woman of means who carried the burdens of the poor, the tireless friend of UNITY and the cause it represents and its constant supporter; as naturally as the closing of the eyelids of the weary child, as beautiful as the fading rays of the setting sun, Susan Look Avery fell asleep on the first day of February, 1915, in the home of her daughter, Mrs. Lydia Avery Coonley Ward, at Wyoming, New York. Her friend, Louis F. Post, in an appreciative notice in the *Public,* said, "The love of this wonderful woman, strong in its personal qualities as all normal human love is, overflowed the bounds of personality as all democratic love must. Her democracy neither bent nor cringed; it was upright and stalwart."

On the very last days of her life she was defending President Wilson from the partisan aspersions that reached her. She wanted to begin again her study of the tariff problem that she might expose its fallacies. She wearied her trained attendants with her greed for the latest news from the highest fields of thought, reform and progress.

A Memorial Volume with a sketch of this remarkable life, some of her own reminiscences and selections from her tireless pen will be forthcoming, and the many who were privileged to call her friend, and found her a support in life, will await with interest the coming volume. It will be a welcome reinforcement to the unceasing work of the deathless worker, she who said, "It is bad for the ignorant and vicious to do ill, but it is worse for the educated and the honest to do nothing." She loved to quote Voltaire, who said: "It is more difficult and more meritorious to win men from their prejudices than to civilize barbarians."

Time and space forbids that the Editor of UNITY should seek among his files for stimulating letters, the frank approval and as frank disapproval of those things that came under her vigilant eye in the columns of UNITY, but we cannot refrain from testifying that her continuous support in many ways and on many lines has been one of the high rewards, the adequate "pay" for keeping UNITY alive and the Editor on the high job.

The well-worn body was purified by fire at the crematory at Rochester. The ashes will rest in the beloved Cave Hill Cemetery at Louisville, where it will mingle with kindred dust. After the reading of George Eliot's "Choir Invisible" the following lines by Charles Buxton Going were a fitting benediction:

AT THE TOP OF THE ROAD.

"But, Lord," she said, "my shoulders still are strong—
I have been used to bear the load so long
'And see, the hill is passed, and smooth the road.'"
"Yet," said the stranger, "yield me now thy load."
Gently he took it from her, and she stood
Straight-limbed and lithe, in new-found maidenhood,
Amid long, sunlit fields; around them sprang
A tender breeze, and birds and rivers sang.
"My Lord," she said, "the land is very fair!"
Smiling, he answered: "Was it not so there?"
"There?" In her voice a wondering question lay:
"Was I not always here then, as today?"
He turned to her with strange, deep eyes aflame:
"Knowest thou not this kingdom, or my name?"
"Nay," she replied: "but this I understand
That thou art Lord of Life in this dear land!"
"Yea, child," he murmured, scarce above his breath:
"Lord of the Land! but men have named me Death."

THE GREATER VICTORY

The blood of men is flowing
And the world is full of dead;
The soldiers kill, not knowing
Why the streams are running red.

The kings hurl forth defiance,
And defiance is flung back;
The white man makes alliance
With the brown man and the black.

The wrecks of ships are strewing
The floors of all the seas;
Mad men are busy hewing
Their way to victories.

The villages are burning
And starving orphans cry
Where poor old men, returning,
Have no wish but to die.

The women dread tomorrow
And fear what it may bring;
The world is full of sorrow
And Hatred is its king.

But though the lands are blighted
And peace is shunned with scorn,
The nations have united
To whip John Barleycorn.

Chicago American. —*S. E. Kiser.*

For days of health; for nights of quiet sleep; for seasons of bounty and beauty; for the glory of earth, and its ministry to our need and delight—
We thank thee, our Father.

—*W. C. Gannett.*

Address by
The Hon. William Kent of California

Delivered at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Sunday Morning May 9, 1915

I am glad to be home again here but I really do not know exactly what to say. I am not embarrassed—most of you are my friends here—but it is very difficult to know just what line to speak on. Among other things, I have insisted on being an "Independent" whether I got to Congress or not, and I have found that it is useful and worth while to hang on to a flag of one who proposes to be free from partisan bias. Every one is entitled to home-made opinions, to self instruction. To have your bias made by somebody else has always seemed to be an impertinence on the part of the people that do the biasing, and a weakness on the part of the person who is thus biased. I have found out during my four years' service in Washington that a man may be "Independent" down there and may try to be fair to all parties and all individuals without losing influence, standing or personal strength. This is one thing I have learned since I left Chicago that is worth while,—that there is an efficiency about being Independent even in Congress.

This church has been an inspiration to all those who have had a desire to think and to act for themselves along this line of independence. Without this foundation gained right here I am quite sure that Mrs. Kent and I would not have made our small contribution to the world.

As I come back to Chicago it is fine to realize that you still have a Council governed city and the right sort of Council to govern it. Things seem mighty good to me in Chicago, politically. I don't think that the man elected mayor is the man we would pick out above all others for that position, but at any rate there is nothing sordid or mean about him, and I believe that if he is backed up by those who have long struggled for the welfare of the city, and the Council is remarkably promising for such a mixed community as Chicago, you will have a pretty good city government along democratic lines—and that is worth while. As I have traveled around the city it seems cleaner than it used to be, and I think things are better than when we left you some eight years ago.

In the welfare of the nation there is much about which to be hopeful. My work in Washington has been mostly concerned with the Public Domain as a member of the Public Land Committee. As a member of that committee we did one big piece of work when we decided for the benefit of the people that we,—all the people—should build a railroad in Alaska, turning the building over to those who would not have to be paid in terms of almost limitless concession in land and in mineral values.

We did another big thing when we passed a bill providing for the leasing of coal lands in Alaska by a system of leasing which we were bound should have such conditions of ownership whereby men must so co-operate with one another in the utilizing of natural advantages, streams, tunnels, etc., that the mining can be more efficiently done. The whole plan recently adopted has been so worked out, or will be by the time operations begin, that the coal mining in Alaska will be done for the general benefit. I have not a doubt that the terms of leasing will be such that will invite private capital.

We had another measure of vital importance up before the last congress. We established the possession of, and Federal control of, the water power on the great navigable rivers of our country. We won out against the reactionaries of both parties in a vote of 143 to 45, showing where the House of Representatives stood on these important matters of public control of public properties in the interest of the public.

At the close of this last Congress it was my privilege to talk to the President on these matters, and with others in the lead in Washington, and I feel sure that if time be given in the next Congress, with no complications, we shall carry on this great question of conservation which so vitally affects the welfare of all of us and our children forever. These things are now more and more becoming matters of public sentiment. The reactionaries are having a harder and harder time stopping their enactment.

It has been my privilege to know the President and members of his Cabinet. For many of them I have the highest possible regard. The President, to my mind, is one of the most satisfactory and one of the most impressive men I have ever met. He entirely lacks anything that approaches that plus to good nature, political "jollying." At the same time when you talk to the President on matters of public business you find him delightfully courteous and very quick of apprehension, and when he has stated his position you do not have to bother about watching him any further—you know where he is. He is a man who has merited my admiration and my best loyalty, and I feel that at this time of trouble we are singularly fortunate in having a man of his good judgment, his analytical ability and his really calm, Christian spirit in that position.

We cannot talk much about this war business. I suppose it is even hard to think out loud, it is all so ghastly, horrible and incredible. Whoever is to blame, it is not for us to determine at the present time, but we know that there is a situation in existence that represents absolute crimes and follies. These nations that are struggling for what they call their "national existence," when their struggles and aspirations are added together, mean the destruction of all the rest, and we from our vantage ground over here can only hope and pray that we do not become inoculated with this hydrophobia, do not become a part of this awful crime and misery. It does not behoove us to lay to our souls any unction of superior virtue. We are all of the same blood as these people. We have their antecedents. We are simply more fortunate geographically, more fortunate historically, and more fortunate, perhaps, in our form of government. I do not have any plan in the back of my head as to what we ought to do in the present situation, but I am absolutely certain of one thing, and that is that when we consider a choice of evils, that a war other than that of defence is the worst of all evils. Whether we shall be called upon to defend ourselves is an open question upon which people differ. For my part, loathing as I do the economic risk and folly, I am not certain that this great, big nation can afford to remain defenceless. Contrary to my wishes, contrary to my form of belief, I voted for an increase of armament. But as I wrote to a man who asked me to join the American

Legion, that while willing to serve my country, I should feel that I was out of place in an organization that talked about "world power," or "national honor" when that might involve war; that I was willing to be killed in defending our social and democratic position for which so much blood has been sacrificed, but that I, myself, ought to be killed if I tried to enforce it on other people in their country with a gun.

This is a hard time of the world to live in and it is going to require all the cool judgment, all the human charity, that we can possess, to exert a proper influence in existing affairs. It seems to me that we shall be utterly miserable if we do not under such strain and stress and pressure take to ourselves the study of the philosophers, of the stoics and of the Master. We need to live fuller lives inside of ourselves at a time when the external life of the world is so horrible.

In closing, I am glad to be here and I am glad to bring before you my tribute of respect to the sad, overburdened man in Washington who needs your help and who I am sure will be worthy of the awful task before him.

O LOVE DIVINE.

O Love Divine!—He came, and gently singing
At earliest dawn in secret to a bird,
Thrilled it with joy till it awoke, and winging
Its way aloft, proclaimed Him with no word,
Yet suerly, sweetly, by the holy sign
Of his own melody. O Love Divine!

Then, in a little while, bent low and kneeling
Deep in a leafy wood with dew bedight,
He lured a wilding flower forth, unsealing
Its tomb with living touch, and toward the light
Turning its face, that these dull eyes of mine
Might trace His presence too. O Love Divine!

Nor this alone: but, where angelic fingers
Wove pearl and rose amidst the orchard trees,
He came again—to breathe the breath that lingers,
When Spring is at the flood, on every breeze;
That, deaf and sightless, I might not repine,
But still discover Him. O Love Divine!

And then—e'en at my hearth—when day was ended,
And in the dusk I soothed my suffering child,
He, crowning all His tenderness, descended
Once more, unseen, and where I sat beguiled
The little one to sleep. "Ah—else than Thine—
There is no heaven!' I cried: Thou Love Divine!

—Augustus Wright Bomberger.

A BYWAY.

The highway marches sturdily to market-town and mill,
But I would find a little road that loiters up a hill,—
A little vagrant, woodland road, gray-ribboned through the green,
Where berry brambles bar the way and orchard elders lean.

The highway is the World's way, but I would drop behind
To follow little luring paths that only laggards find;
The challenge of the bandit weeds, the tilt with startled bees,—
What can the dusty highway give for tourneyings like these?

The highway is the sun's way, and follow east to west,
But there are yellow, vagrant beams that love my road the best,—
That linger down the weedy ways where lady's-lace is spread,
Or slant through shady orchard paths and tint the tree trunks red.

The highway, the highway!—you follow where it calls;
I watch you through a leafy screen from crumbling orchard walls;—
I wait and smile among the green and know that by and by
We'll lure you back through dust and dew—my little road and I!

Harper's Magazine. *—Margaret Lee Ashley.*

THE PULPIT

The Triumph of the Defeated

Annual Confirmation Class Sermon

Preached at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Before the Confirmation Class Chicago May 2, 1915

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

We thank Thee, Father, for this place of worship, for these hours of communion with one another and with the great souls of history. Turn our hearts and the hearts of those we love toward things enduring. Make us better children of thine for our having been here. Amen.

SERMON.

It is my pleasant task once a year to try to interpret to my Confirmation Class a text of their own choosing. This custom has grown with the growth of years to be an event in my year's work. For the thirtieth time I face this inspiring task. The text you have handed me is this:

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;

. . . . . .

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

All preachers like to begin with a text and the first consideration is the context, for no text can be rightly understood until you understand the connection in which it was uttered. These golden lines are taken from a poem written by a young man in strenuous days, for an anti-slavery picnic held at Dedham, Mass., in 1843, seventy-two years ago come next August. The whole consists of four stanzas, entitled, "Stanzas on Freedom." I could do you service by reading to you the entire context of your text, but I take it that you all have access to the writings of James Russell Lowell, and I commend to you the committing of this poem to memory while your minds are still receptive.

Men! Whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

I will omit two stanzas and read again the whole stanza which you cut in two in order to make your text. The entire stanza reads:

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

Next to the context let us turn to the author. James Russell Lowell a year later wrote his "Present Crisis," which some of his nearest college friends said ruined his prospects as an author. It caused the elect of Harvard College to lament that this bright young man had so given himself to a freak reform. James Russell Lowell, in whose veins coursed the bluest blood of Boston, the pet of the Campus, the poet of his class, who had the position of a teacher offered him by his Alma Mater before he had graduated—according to the estimation of his colleagues had ruined his prospects by writing such a poem.

So back of your text lies the splendid poem, back of the poem lies the splendid man. I am glad you selected a text from this author. From my own experience and out of over forty years' experience as a minister, I want to say to you my children, that of all the poets I know, James Russell Lowell is the youths' *poet par excellance,* for he sings the song of life in such a way that boys and girls of your age can catch its rhythm. He, more than any other man that I know of, has written poems that ought to find easy lodgment in your minds. And if it were to my purpose this morning I would be glad to help you to an appreciation of James Russell Lowell, the poet. I would be glad to tell you how wise and noble he was; how early he gave his life to reform. He was a man who loved books and worked among them perhaps more persistently and incessantly than any other man born in America, Emerson always excepted. Still he never took his life out of the fight and was ever on the firing line of every reform. In his day he was the pen if not the prophet of the slaves, when the term "nigger" was a term of reproach, even on the lips of the wise. Now you will see as you read the history of the United States that the cause of the Negro represented the best thinking and the bravest voting in the United States in the years immediately preceding the war.

Such was James Russell Lowell, author of so many poems you already love and more of them you will acquire as you go through high school and college. Turn yourself loose in the Lowell orchard and gather the golden apples to be found there. Go find your "favorite poem." Do not ask your teachers. Lowell's books are rich, particularly in the literature of reform and progress.

I read this morning a confidential letter written to his pastor, the venerable Dr. Briggs, at the time when he was beginning to feel that poetry was his vocation. He said: "My earlier ventures have been mostly on themes of love. I felt the charm of beauty. Now I feel as though I must serve an apprenticeship as a poet of freedom. I cannot keep out of the fight. I must enlist in the war for liberty. Then perhaps in riper years, when my hair grows gray, I may give myself without reservation to the Muse and write of the universal themes." A great program largely lived out by one of the dearest and sweetest of American citizens as well as American poets.

In saying this I am confessing my own debt of gratitude. I find when I look back that my earlier sermons ring with the words of James Russell Lowell, and however poor the rest of the sermons may have been, there was always something good for my people when I quoted from Lowell.

After the text the context and the author, then comes the lesson of the text. You have already anticipated it. You know that truth is never told by numbers. You know that a majority is never to be trusted as a leader. We are fresh from our Sunday School study of the life of Jesus, and you know that it was not the palms that were waved on his triumphal entry into Jerusalem that have passed his name down in history, but rather it was the cross which he bore up Calvary, and on which he was nailed It is the story of the cross which has come down through the centuries. You know, too, that it was not the popular Sokrates whom people rushed to hear; but it was the unpopular truths that he spoke, it was the plain talk that offended the politicians, that confused the students, that perplexed the judges. It was his serene indifference to a crowd and its clamor that enabled him to drink peacefully, heroically, the deadly hemlock. His unpopularity has put the name of Sokrates in the minds and hearts of the young of the long centuries up there next to the name of the Nazarene. You know it was not the *Prince* Siddartha, the favored scion of royalty, who might have ruled a kingdom, but it was the *mendicant,* Buddha, that made Asia mild. And you know all the way down through the ages that it is the man who has dared to "stand with the two or three" as your text has it, he who has dared to withstand the majority, to side with the unpopular, that has swayed the generations.

Your text finds interpretation in any chapter of history, whether it be the story of science, invention, of political progress or of literary fame. Honor and power finally goes to the man who stands by the truth that is refused by the crowd.

In 1872 Julia Ward Howe, impressed with the horrors of the Franco-Prussian war, went to Europe on a peace campaign. She said, "I will appeal to the mothers of Europe, I will find open ears among the women who are close to royalty." She was gone two years and came back disappointed, though not discouraged. She found not only coldness but something more hopeless. She lost the position that as one of the first ladies of America she could have occupied had she gone without a message. In these days the hearts of the women of Europe and America go with the pilgrims who are at The Hague, filling the largest hall, pleading for the cause which Julia Ward Howe stated with absolute clearness in 1872, over forty years ago.

New England has another beloved daughter, Lydia Maria Child. She had the gift of making friends. She had the genius for writing bright things. She had written a book on domestic matters that had already passed through thirty-three editions. She was crowned with success and was passing out of the hard life of poverty into a life of glad prosperity when in 1833, twenty years before Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she wrote "An Appeal in Behalf of the Class of Americans Called Africans." Instantly her popularity deserted her. She was publishing the first youths' paper ever published in America, but the subscriptions dropped off and it had to be abandoned. The District Attorney of Boston took his tongs, carried the book to the window and threw it out. Her literary fame had brought to her a free ticket to the Athenæum, the culture library of Boston, the favorite resort of the learned, but the authorities of the Athenæum Library withdrew the privileges of the library to the author of so contemptible a book, a book that plead the cause of "Certain American born citizens, called Africans."

But I cannot tell in detail the stories of even a few who dared to be "in the right with two or three."

If I turn from history to the pages of literature we can illumine your text as vividly and as forcefully.

Browning tells the story of the "Patriot" who one year came to receive the plaudits of the crowd, the next year went on his way to the scaffold. "The Patriot" is "An Old Story," as Browning called it.

It will fit into the lives of innumerable lands and in all ages.

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day.
. . . . . .

There's nobody on the house-tops now—
Just a palsied few at the windows set;
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
A rope cuts both my wrists behind:
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
"Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
Me?—God might question; now instead,
'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so."

Sometime you will study the lines in which Browning tells of his great disappointment of "The Lost Leader," he who

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others, she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shaespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley were with us—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering,—not through his presence;
Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire;
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devil's triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!

But I need not dwell upon the general principle. If in our studies I have given you anything, my children, it is the conviction that truth is never to be told by numbers, that popularity never indicates the way of the noble, that a sympathy with the wronged and a devotion to the ideal offer the only rounds in the ladder upon which you can rise to the only success that is worth seeking.

So for the rest of my time let me dwell upon the application of this principle.

Here is a little book from the press of the McClurg house, Chicago, compiled by the principal of a boys' academy in Indiana, entitled, "Right Living; Messages to Youth from Men Who Have Achieved." It contains eighty-seven messages from such men. I know of no other recent book so packed with good advice to young people. One of these messengers is Hamilton Holt, editor of the *Independent*. Let me read to you his list of the great problems which are left at your door:

In reply to your very kind invitation I take pleasure in suggesting that there are four great problems that will confront the American people during the active life of academy pupils today.

I do not know the order of their importance, but they are:

First. The economic problem, which is largely the problem of the just distribution of wealth.

Second. The race problem, or the ways and means by which helpfulness and hopefulness may be substituted for hatefulness in those sections of the country where two or more races abide.

Third. The sex problem—largely the adjustment of woman to new conditions in state and home.

Fourth. The peace problem, which is nothing but the substitution of law for war.

Any boy or girl who can do anything in a constructive way to help solve any of these great problems during his life will not have lived in vain.

These four great problems, my children, are right at your door now. You already feel them. Just a minute to each of these and my little sermon on your big text will be preached.

The first mentioned is the economic problem. Never mind whether it is of the first importance. Neither he nor I will stop to arrange them. Millionaires, multi-millionaires on the one hand, starving babies and over-worked women on the other; palatial residences on the Lake Front, slums "beyond the tracks." I do not know, I cannot say who is to blame. I am disposed to feel that nobody is to blame; that is, no one body or one class. But things are not as they ought to be. Things must be changed before "right is done and freedom is won." It is your problem.

The second is race prejudice. How to substitute "helpfulness for hatefulness." This was the great cause that inspired your great poet to write you your great text. This is yet the unsolved problem,—the hatred of your brother man because of the texture of his hair, or the color of his skin, the bounding of your sympathies by race or national lines. All my lessons fail if Japanese and Chinese, Hindu and African have not a standing in the House of the Lord and a place on his footstool. I would not, if I could, hold this problem at arm's length. The morning paper is stained and soiled to me, and I hope to all the rest of you, when you read of the compact of neighbors here on a near street that must remain nameless because it is in disgrace. Elegant men and women, prosperous men and women have combined to keep a man out of his own property by violent means, a man who with his wife is in the honorable service of the nation, rendering a *quid pro quo* for fair wages, simply because there is a tint of color in their skin. These free citizens of America, by unfair and illegal means, have declared almost within the hearing of my voice, "No color admitted on our street!" If pushed for a reason they will simply declare that such invasion will endanger the commercial value of their property. They will confess that it is simply a matter of real estate. In this affirmation they are doubtless right; but what if it should? Will you boys and girls in this presence justify an indignity to brotherhood and the violation of the law of the land, to say nothing of the higher laws of justice, for financial reasons? Particularly at this time when millions of men and women are sacrificing their homes and laying down their lives for what they deem the cause of righteousness, the claim of the whole. If Chicago cannot afford to give elbow room to these dainty ladies and members of aristocratic clubs without offering indignities to the law of the land, let them

seek the wider ranges of the more open country. But there should be no home in Chicago where its citizens can sleep well o'nights, where the principles of fraternity and the rights of property are violated in the interest of real estate. This may not sound much like a Confirmation Class Sermon to a group of little girls and boys, but I leave the problem with you, pledged to stand by you as long as life lasts.

Next comes the third problem. Mr. Holt calls it the "Sex Problem." Two things, my friends, two words stand for it. One is justice and the other is purity. Woman's rightful place in the state, woman's sanctity in the home. You have not come to it. I would not hasten it, but along side of this great word justice must always be written the word purity. Love, the word that is the best name for God, is the high privilege of men and women, but lust is the destruction of men and women. Keep not only your bodies clean but your minds pure. Let no lustful pictures be painted on the walls of your imagination. Dare stand for things pure and then justice will come.

Lastly in Mr. Holt's list comes the question that presses home on all of us in these days,—the substitution of law for war. How to lessen the brutality that belongs to those "lower animals" we talk about, the domination of force which ought to have been left behind, when fangs and claws and horns were outgrown?

My dear children, you must dare stand with the unpopular if you are to help disarm the nations. You must say to the nations as you now say to individuals, better glorified death than ignominious life. If He of Nazareth won His translation on Calvary, it may be that some nation or nations will yet have to climb that mount.

Be that as it may, it is for you to stand with cause unpopular. Stand rightly on these four great issues. I have given them in Hamilton Holt's name to you because I wanted to reinforce my own word. I have been saying these things in one way or another in this pulpit for years.

These then are four great problems before the young men and women of today. One is the proper distribution of wealth, the adjustment of capital and labor; another is racial justice and the elimination of the cowardly wrongs that come to those who assume superiority and in the assuming prove themselves the inferior oftentimes. Then come the questions of sex and of peace. I am in the habit of putting a fifth in the list. Perhaps it is implied already, in what I said of purity, if you will stretch the word to cover sobriety. The great question of dissipation, intoxication, is a great, live question of our day that rolls from the Atlantic to the Pacific, under the popular words of the "Drys" and the "Wets." It is your question. You will have to take your stand on it, boys and girls. The "Dry" and "Wet" battle is on and it will not end until sobriety reigns supreme and the dissipations of life are curbed at least by law, and eventually by individual practice.

All this is my Confirmation Class Sermon on the text of your own choosing, which is made still more noble when illuminated by the context and enforced by the life of the author. To put it in a nutshell: You do not have to be successful but you must be true. You may not be popular but you must be honest. You may not reach the truth but you must forever be free to seek it. Never mind the crowd, it is always a lonely place for the thinker. Remember rather with that heroic black man whom you may well emulate in many ways, Frederick Douglass, that "one with God is a majority."

For the joys of service, for the triumphs of the past, the generosities that have moved us forward and the greater opportunities that await us, we thank Thee, Father. We give thanks for the holy past, thanks for the rich present, thanks for the beckoning future. Amen.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XV.
Matthew

The harvest indeed is plenteous, but the laborers are few. ix:37.

This free-handed and apparently reckless handling of the record, that has gathered about it the reverences of the centuries, may seem painfully iconoclastic to the uninitiated; but we must not form conclusions too quickly. That literary imagination which is indispensable to all culture must be exercised.

We shall need our imagination in accounting for these four biographies of Jesus. That they are inconsistent the one with the other, that they do not tell the same story, that they are fragmentary, that one to a degree is dependent on the other, and that each one has some element peculiar to itself that the other biographers did not know, or, if knowing, did not think it worth while to record, is all accounted for in an intensely interesting way.

We must bear in mind the conditions of culture two thousand years ago in what was then the battlefield of civilization. The movement was born out of unsophisticated, non-literary minds. Whatever this movement was in the mind of its leader, it suddenly flashed out, even in his own time and immediately after his death, into a great intoxicating Messianic dream of a world revolution that would realize the promise of the patriarchs and the prophets. The hope of the Messiah, the Second Coming, was amply guaranteed in the literature uppermost in the minds of the Jews at that time, not simply by what is found in the canonical books of the Old Testament, but in the revealing wealth of the literature we call the Apocrypha. The result was a criminal neglect of records and an indifference to writing. One other thing more difficult to realize is that during the dark decades that followed the death of Jesus, Palestine was in the dying throes of an invaded nation. Suppose that at this very time Maeterlinck should put forth a masterpiece, a great contribution to literature. Would the historian of fifty years hence be able to reproduce authentically with details this masterpiece produced in the year 1914? Who is going to make a record of literary contributions in Belgium this year? Just such conditions existed in Palestine. In 70 A. D., about the time Matthew was written, the Jewish nation so far as possessing political autonomy ceased to exist. Biographical material at that time was not so meager as now. Luke wrote that he supposed libra-

ries could not contain all which was written about the movement, but that he would make one more contribution. Harnack, one of the great authorities, has compiled a list of twenty different gospels, once current, which the early fathers quoted from.

1-4. The canonical gospels.
5. The gospel according to the Hebrews.
6. The gospel of the Twelve Apostles.
7. The Peter gospel.
8. The Egyptian gospel.
9. The Matthias gospel.
10. The Philip gospel.
11. The Thomas gospel.
12. The Protevangelium of James.
13. The Acts of Pilate (gospel of Nicodemus).
14. Basilides' gospel.
15. Valentinus' gospel.
16. Marcion's gospel.
17. The gospel of Eve.
18. The gospel of Judas.
19. The gospel of Mother Mary, and the "Great and little questions of Mary" (probably a little mother catechism prepared for kindergarten purposes away off there).
20. The gospel of T.

All but four of these are lost. Instead of losing faith in the virility and vitality of these gospels saved to us we may be reassured by the fact that these four have survived the wreckage of time, the vicissitudes to which a document of that time was subjected. There were no printing presses, no libraries, no city authorities to guard literary treasures. These gospels were perpetuated only by being copied by hand, which gave many opportunities for mistakes. They must have had inherent vitality or they would have gone with the rest.

Matthew is the second biography in the point of time, proved to be later than Mark, because not quoted from by him. The ascribed authorship to Matthew is not found in the earlier manuscripts and we have undoubtedly one more anonymous document. In 325 A. D. the first Council of Bishops and Cardinals was held at Nicæa, previous to which no attempt had been made to discriminate between the twenty or more documents. There the first vote was taken as to what was worth saving and the four Gospels took their place under the law of the survival of the fittest. The earliest collection of the sayings of Jesus, the "logia," was written on parchment, in Aramaic, for the benefit of the Hebrews, probably by Matthew, who was the one educated man on the staff of the Nazarene, possibly the only one who could write. Matthew, a banker of Capernaum, very probably was a man with a sufficient degree of culture, foresight and ability to catch those rare sayings and transcribe them.

The book of Matthew is much richer than Mark but less graphic. The author of Matthew gathered together the great and imperishable things he could find anywhere, in the logia, in Mark and in the unwritten traditions of his time. Jesus filtered through the mind of this man who had fixed ideas of a certain kind, among which was that Jesus was the Messiah, so his narrative became an unconscious argument in that direction. He was growing bitter against the conservatism of the Jews and much distressed over their defection. Whatever the mind of the Master was toward the artificial quality of conventional religion, it was intensified and focalized by this man. And as Mark was written for the Gentiles, so Matthew was conceived by a mind which thought in the Jewish attitude, one familiar with the Jewish traditions but who wrote in Greek. It was written possibly in Rome or Alexandria, hardly in Jerusalem. Matthew, unlike Mark, apparently subordinates the chronological to the logical sequence.

The great and imperishable wealth of Matthew is, of course, the Sermon on the Mount, which is found incomplete in Luke and scarcely suggested in Mark. It is not a sermon but a collection of sermons, a collection of great sayings, found in the fifth, sixth and seventh chapters. In the eighth chapter the author has grouped a number of miracles probably not performed at one time.

In the thirteenth chapter we find grouped the parables, all of them highly polished literary gems, condensed, graphic. This chapter alone would make the reputation of Jesus as a parable maker. Looked at from a literary standpoint, no one comes within hailing distance except perhaps Tolstoy, who was a great modern preacher by parables. Lincoln also was a parable maker.

The Encyclopedia Biblica gives an interesting elaboration of the mental attitude of Matthew:

> Matthew's parables point less to the inclusion of the Gentiles than to the exclusion of the unworthy Jews. He alone has the saying: "Many are called but few chosen." He seems to move amid a race of backsliders, among dogs and swine unworthy of the pearls of truth, among the tares sown by the enemy, among fishermen who must cast back again many of the fish caught in the net of the Gospel. "The broad way" is mentioned by him alone, and the multitude of those that go thereby, and the guest without the wedding garment, and the foolish virgins, and the goats, and those who even "cast out devils" in the name of the Lord and yet are rejected by him because they "work lawlessness." He alone introduces into the Lord's Prayer the words "Deliver us from the evil (one)." Elsewhere he alone gives us a reason for not being distracted, "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

Matthew gives the genealogy of Jesus from Abraham, of the House of David. Luke carries it clear back to Adam. In the journey from the north down to Jerusalem, Matthew and Mark take us round east of the Jordan, John through Samaria. One account of the death of Judas makes him hang himself, the other, giving more detail, says he "burst asunder." But these minor differences only re-establish our interest and confirm our faith in the underlying reality.

---

(1) What were the conditions at the time of their writing which account for the differences in the four gospels?

(2) How many gospels have we record of which were once current?

(3) What is the great and imperishable treasure contained in Matthew?

HER LIFE.

She lived and labored midst the lowliest things,
Walked at my side, and talked, and oft did fill
The gracious hours that friendly twilight brings,
With toil, naught questioning if good or ill
Were hers; soft lullabies she crooned at eve,
Like poppies' breath, falling down tenderly
On infant eyelids that gay sports would leave,
To nestle close and sleep upon her knee.
Her life was colorless and commonplace,
Devoid of poetry, I thought it so,
For I was blind, and could not see the grace
That grew through common duties; now I know,
Since she has gone from me and all her cares,
I entertained an angel unawares.

—*Zitella Cocke.*

My Library No. XXVI.

"Their national industry was untiring," says John Lathrop Motley, of the Dutch; "their prosperity unexampled; their love of liberty indomitable; their pugnacity proverbial," he continues. And this was the people who were to find their most accomplished and eloquent historian in his person. It is now more than half a century since "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" captured the reading public, and the author's succeeding volumes have also held their own with almost equal pertinacity. As "source-books" of the spirit of national liberty, Motley's volumes are of quite unequalled worth to the student of American history. As he himself says, "The splendid empire of Charles the Fifth was erected upon the grave of liberty." Hence to all who speak the English language, the history of the great agony through which the Republic of Holland was ushered into life must have a peculiar interest, for it is a portion of the records of the Anglo-Saxon race—essentially the same, whether in Friesland, England or Massachusetts." It is hardly conceivable that our own early political fortunes would have been of such a prosperous order, had it not been for the example and the inspiration of the Dutch Republic. Motley's volumes help greatly to keep the Republican spirit up to a high standard, both in kind and devotion. No young voter can very well afford to neglect the reading of such basic works as these, that is, if he wishes to understand the genius, the scope and the mission of his own republic. Something of this sort is universally needed, especially now, to offset the influence of the more superficial, shorter sighted statements and persuasions of much of the "current literature." These latter speak mostly for the day; solid histories speak for all time.

Born and brought up within a dozen miles of Old Fort Stanwix, in Central New York, and almost within sight of the monument that marks the spot where General Herkimer's forces, while going to its relief, were ambushed by Indians of the Iroquois Confederacy; and always now and then going to the city where Fort Schuyler formerly stood, it was natural enough that when but a child I should have become interested in the Red Man and his doings, and should have read more or less that would satisfy curiosity, at least. But, unfortunately, what I had already heard of him was chiefly of the negative and forbidding order. To the people I best knew, the Indian was a cruel, dangerous, disreputable savage only, and the specimens that I occasionally saw said or did little or nothing to remove this impression. Nor did I get rid of it when I read about him in the "Life" of one, Joseph Brant, that chanced to come my way; while reports from the great West that confirmed every prejudice and every misrepresentation came frequently enough to keep me as ignorant and antagonistic as my childish scorn and clenched fists could express.

But how different was it, when in after life I came through the pages of Francis Parkman to learn something like the truth of the matter. Here the accounts of the Indian's nature, his difficulties, his doings voluntary or constrained, his treatment by his white "Fathers," his disillusionments concerning the "Christianity" that was forced upon him, as well as the veracity and reliability of many of its conspicuous and powerful representatives, and especially his final conflicts and struggles for his very existence, and not successfully,—when I came to read all this in Parkman's illuminating volumes, I confess to a change of feeling and opinion that was radical. "A Century of Dishonor" is the way Helen Hunt Jackson characterized our treatment of the Indian, and one has but to read Bishop Whipple's "Lights and Shadows" to see how precisely true her designation was. Of course the Indian was in the white man's way; of course he tried to keep his own, and resented intrusion and theft and cheating; of course he had little or no law to sustain and protect him; of course his native instincts were the only defense he could marshal; of course he proved defiant, self-sufficing, and energetic and revengeful. But William Penn showed that it were better by far to understand him and treat him justly than to do as either the English or French had done as a rule, and proved, too, that the American Indian in all his primeval ruggedness was often more of a man at heart than the civilized white man that out-tricked and overpowered him. Parkman's pages from first to last suggest, reveal and confirm this, if they be read without prejudice or partisanship. Besides, how clear and well-ordered and altogether interesting they are. Working as the author did under the terrible disadvantage of wretched health and professional attentions that were absolutely wide of the mark—a pair of properly fitted spectacles and a slaying of the demon "Exercise" would have saved him years of suffering—it is a wonder indeed that Parkman succeeded in giving the world such full, enduring, reliable and withal such readable volumes, as he did.

Then there is that other heroic historian, with his loss of one eye, and his "study darkened by green screens and curtains of blue muslin which required adjustment with almost every cloud that passed across the sky," in order to save the use of the other, to increase his difficulties beyond calculation, namely, William H. Prescott. When I first read his "Conquest of Mexico" and his "Conquest of Peru" I was simply stunned by surprise at the revelations that any people on the American continent could have attained to such a degree of prosperity and culture as were there described. Save certain superstitions and practices, which, however cruel they seem to us, served not altogether useless purposes for the people themselves, those were nations that in some respects compared favorably with their conquerors, to say the least. It was like reading the pages of a romance, or like seeing some of one's own dreams in a printed book, to come across Prescott and literally swallow him at will. Of course more recent accounts of what is there to be found, while confirming the main features of my first impressions, have modified them somewhat healthily, although I like still to imagine these pre-Columbian democracies, including the Central Americans, the Mound Builders, and all the rest, as being not entirely unworthy the high respect of more modern, and, let us hope, more advanced ones. Certainly some of their features of government as long ago as the eleventh century (A. F. Bandelier) were respectable. Even when the Inca conquered other tribes, they were left to their own devices—"The vanquished remained autonomous, unless so refractory or so reduced in numbers that extermination or removal became advisable." Here was a "policy" that we seem to have hard work to adopt, even after eight

hundred years of advancement! Prescott's books are yet readable—are a sort of food for one's imagination that is wholesome and of long savor.

But of all the American historians that I have read, I must express my preference for John Fiske. No one has been able to present the case more clearly than he, or better to give due proportion to detail, or to build up a more satisfactory perspective. Were I to characterize him it would be, History without rubbish! Nor does he present bare bones only, in any connection. His accounts of men and events are full-fleshed, alive, vivid and convincing. They remind me of the Greek finality—Nothing too much. By way of illustration, take his boiling down of Thomas Hutchinson, the last Royal Governor of Massachusetts, and the difficulties arising from the so-called Whately "Letters." If here is not literary focusing that justifies itself absolutely, then, where is it? "It was Hutchinson's misfortune," says Fiske, "that with such a rigidly legal temperament, he should have been called to fill a supreme executive office at the moment of a great revolutionary crisis." So we see how naturally it followed that "this old Tory Governor, maligned, misunderstood and exiled, but never once robbed of self-respect," never did "flinch a hair's breadth for the sake of personal achievement." Or, look into Fiske's more extended histories anywhere. Columbus sails, and you feel his trials, hopes, struggles and joys as though they were your own. The Puritan lands at Plymouth, and all that is within you sets foot on that hallowed rock by his side. As you ride past the old ruins at Jamestown, you remember how Fiske lovingly describes Virginia and her neighbors, and to your liking, as well. The Dutch in New York and the Quaker in Pennsylvania and all the things that led up to their ever being there, stand out from his pages as if they were all of today and just before you. It is evident that John Fiske loved his work as his friends and the truth alone that belonged to either. An old friend of mine that was his classmate at Middlebury College, went, forty years after, to hear him lecture. At its conclusion he went upon the platform to greet him. The audience were soon amazed, undoubtedly, when they saw the two over-joyed chums with arms about each other actually waltzing about to express more fully than they otherwise could the on-rushing memories of the dear old times. I can imagine John Fiske putting some such ebullience into some of his work, if not all. And it is this, I suppose, that makes his books all so elucidative, convincing and entirely satisfying.

Not in the style of the older historical standbys was the coming of the volumes of John Bach McMaster, by any means. Some people said, upon the appearance of the first volume of his "History of the People of the United States," that no one could write real history from newspaper reports of events, and that McMaster's attempt to do so was only interesting, at best. But "only interesting" served its day, nevertheless, and in my case served it well. The doings of the "People" of our whole country proved to be worth noting and putting into permanent shape. Even their hatreds and local quarrels and stupid blunderings and all the rest that seems so unphilosophical and futile, constitute, after all, quite the basis upon which the more seemly structure of society rests. Out of the account of the rearing of a governmental structure, it will not do to leave the everyday speculating and experimenting of the people altogether. As one reads McMaster's breezy pages, one often feels that what Robespierre said, was right: "The people only demand," said he, "that which is necessary; they only wish for justice and tranquility." And again: "The interest of the people is the general interest,"—words that may well and always be kept in mind by both maker of history and its ultimate recorder. To one interested in the better sort of "news," whether of past or present times, McMaster is a source of enjoyment for many an hour of urgent need of distraction. He may not rank with Thucydides or Gibbon; he entertains, nevertheless, and, what is of more consequence, makes one feel more surely that he is a genuine part of these great United States.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notes

This is only the first of May, and the war is still raging; and I am told that the book trade has been terribly hurt, because the crowd of readers have been busy reading up about the European struggle. Yet on my table the pile is about as usual. I referred recently to The Rocky Mountain Wonderland, one of Enos A. Mills' books, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Since then I have read it carefully through, and it lies with John Muir's books, where I can reach it for refreshment. It is one of the really good things, full of juice, and fresh air through the branches—that is chapters. It recalls to me Our National Parks, which I took down from the shelves, and shall keep for an afternoon delight till it is used up. Wonderful John Muir! Dear and noble friend! I never saw you, although I heard from you personally a few times. This book alone is a gift to the world. Reading it lengthens life, and makes one so familiar with the world in its best phases that one can afford to live a long while. He was a genuine man, not a trifler. He loved Nature, and every bit of Nature loved him. These pages are to me richer than those of even Thoreau; and as for Burroughs, why there is too much of Burroughs in his books. John Muir is the most unselfish and least conceited of all writers. I advise you to get his National Parks (of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) and get a habit of reading a few pages before you go to bed at night—something to take you out of the sordid, and even the common weariness of the day.

I have a few more books here, but they must lie over. They tell me that the war rage in literature is wearing out, and we shall begin to get royalties once more on our books that are pacific in topic and treatment. Ah well! we are glad to hear it. It will restore us to our natural methods of thinking and working; and as for Europe, it has got to readjust itself to justice and good fellowship. The Slavs can no longer be banked in, but must be let loose to do their level best to help us all onward to higher political and social life. The great day is ahead and not behind.

E. P. POWELL.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL CONVOCATION WEEK

June 5th to 11th Inclusive

Friends of the School, and all interested in the great problem of immigration and the adjustment of race differences, are reminded that Convocation week at Meadville, which was postponed on account of local conditions, will occur early in June. Announcement of the program, which is substantially that before offered to the readers of this paper appear in the latest Bulletin of the School, and are being sent to the ministers and churches of the Unitarian body and those of other friendly groups. All the speakers previously promised are to be at Meadville; and the change of date has allowed the addition of the name of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who can come now, but at the earlier date was on the Pacific Coast. There is no question except the War that is more pressing for consideration than that which has to do with the problem of race adjustment in the United States; and since race friction is one of the causes of war, any wise and broad discussion of this question is one contribution to the lessening of those elements of evil feeling in society which lead toward brutal struggles.

To have from the Unitarian fold such leaders of thought and action as Celia Parker Woolley, Abraham M. Rihbany, Mr. Jones and others, and from the public service and academic groups such experts as Booker T. Washington, Graham Taylor, Rev. Dr. Griffis, Professor Ross, Frederick C. Howe and others, is to be privileged to offer to the clergy and laity of the Unitarian communion and to all who desire to come a feast of good things rarely compresed into one week. All desiring information are cordially invited to write to Meadville Theological School for all particulars.

A SELF-MADE PATRIOT.

Those of us who are American-born may occasionally betray a lack of sympathy with our less fortunate fellow citizens who have had to do more than emerge into the world and manifest a disposition to exist in order to qualify as Americans. Some of us do not quite grasp what it means to leave our country, settle in another, and change our allegiance. If you have not thought of the blessing of citizenship from this angle, consider the story of Mane Travica, a Croatian who, the Columbus *Dispatch* explains, really wanted to be an American. In brief:

"He dropt off the train several years ago as it was passing through Milwaukee, and became a 'citizen' of that thriving community. He made application to become a citizen—took out his 'first papers,' as it is called—and settled down to the business of driving a team for a brewery.

"When he underwent the examination now required by the United States Government before granting citizenship papers to an alien, Mane failed to answer the questions satisfactorily. Later he again failed to convince the court.

"The other day Mane showed up in court. Every conceivable question was asked him. He answered all of them. He knew more about this country and its institutions than anybody in court—or just as much. He could read and write our language, and he talked learnedly about our traditions, and explained the spirit of our Constitution. The Court allowed him to become naturalized, and then asked him how he had managed to acquire so much knowledge about our affairs.

"Mane told him. He said that as a teamster he had to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning to begin his work, and that it was after 9 o'clock when he got home. He could not, therefore, study. That was why he knew so little upon the first two examinations. But he was so anxious to become an American citizen that he had given up his occupation for the time being and had lived on one meal a day while devoting all of his time to study. Then it was easy.

"Does any one doubt that Mane Travica, once a Croatian, is now an American?"—*The Literary Digest.*

Schumann & Company

CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns and Kid Gloves

PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

Telephones
Douglas 6404-6405-6406-6407

Clark-Lyon Co.

FINE GROCERIES AND MEATS

FRUITS and VEGETABLES

3917-19 Cottage Grove Ave.

THE UNITARIAN PILGRIMAGE TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

Only a limited number of places, in the Unitarian Party to the General Conference in San Francisco, are now left, and those wishing to be sure of accommodation should make immediate arrangement for reservation. The number of applicants has exceeded expectation, and it has been found necessary, for practical reasons, to limit the size of the party. Places may be reserved either directly of Thos. Cook & Son, 336 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., or through the Rev. Sydney B. Snow, Chairman of the Committee on Transportation, 2 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.

COMPARATIVE DIET.

If Robin Redbreast knows such bliss
On such a diet as is his,
How much more blissful is our lot
Upon the bill-of-fare we've got!
If he can sing his tooral-ay
Upon the worms that come his way,
I sort of think one strawberry
Should get an anthem out of me.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR THE LIBERAL MINISTRY
Including special courses to meet the growing demand for Parish Assistants, Sunday School Directors, Headworkers of Church Settlements and Club Leaders. Open to men and women. Modern, undogmatic, scholarly, practical. Liberal scholarship provisions, including two summer sessions at The University of Chicago. Traveling fellowship yielding $810. Religious education and social service institutes during the summer quarter open to special students with scholarship aid.
Apply to F. C. Southworth, President
MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL
Meadville, Pennsylvania.

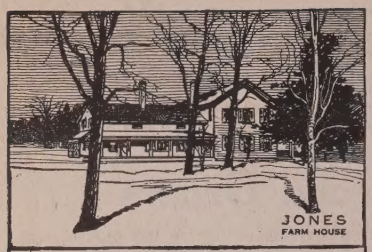
OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 364 Broadway, **New York**
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

FONGER'S
Sanitary Bakery
Special Orders
Cakes and Pies of All Kinds
3852 Cottage Grove Ave. Phone, Douglas 5962

Bowman Dairy Company
MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY
Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk
DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?
4221-4229 State Street
Telephones at all Division Offices
EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK

A New Customer
FOR
Ira J. Mix Dairy Company
361 East 30th Street
Phone, Douglas 515-516
MEANS
You receive $1.00 provided customer deals with us 60 days; if goods and service are satisfactory, we shall expect the customer to continue longer.

Customer's Name _____
Address _____
Sender's Name _____
Address _____



JONES Dairy Farm SAUSAGE

Hams

Bacon and Lard

can be had from the following south side dealers:

FRED BALLARD,
1516 East 53rd St.

BLACK BROS.,
1541 East 53rd St.

WM. BULOWA,
1332 East 47th St.

CLARK & LYON,
39th St. and Cottage Grove Ave.

H. F. EGGERS,
55th St. and Dorchester Ave.

C. H. MORGAN & CO.,
319 East 47th St.

J. W. LEIGH,
1514 East 53rd St.

RUST & ANTISDALE,
1410 East 47th St.

A. J. SHAFER,
1531 East 51st St.

SIPPEL'S MARKET HOUSE,
7252 Wentworth Ave.

HERMAN STAFF,
1104 East 47th St.

U. S. CO-OPERATIVE CO.,
Kenwood Ave. and 57th St.

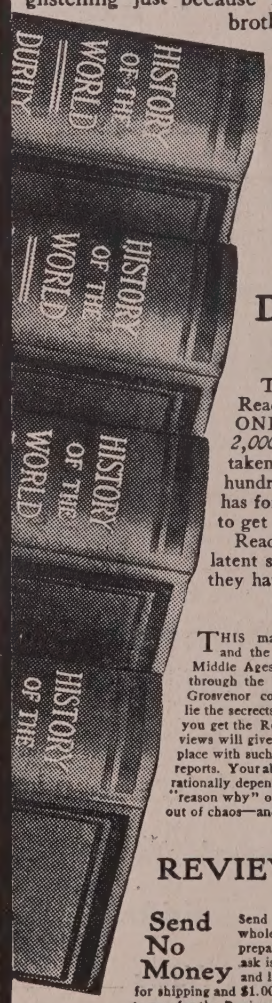
MICHAEL VOGT,
317 East 26th St.

O. T. WALL,
1308 East 63rd St. Woodlawn

WAR! What Is It All About?

HAS the whole world gone stark mad over a very foolish and trivial question? Are swords rattling, cannon rumbling, mailed armour glistening just because Russia wanted to show her love for the little brother—Servia?

Tear aside the curtain of Europe's politics and see the grim and sinister game of chess that is being played. See upon what a slim, yet desperate, excuse the sacred lives of millions may be sacrificed. Read the history of the past one hundred years, as written by one of the greatest authorities the world has ever known, and learn the naked, shameful truth. Just to get you started as a Review of Reviews subscriber, we make you this extraordinary offer. We will give to you



FREE!

Duruy's History of the World

Four splendid cloth volumes, full of portraits, sketches, maps, diagrams

Today is the climax of a hundred years of preparation. Read in this timely, authoritative, complete, AND THE ONLY CONDENSED classic world history—of which *over 2,000,000 copies have been sold in France alone*—just what has taken place in the inner councils of Europe during the past one hundred years. Read in these entrancing pages how Russia has for years craftily been trying to escape from her darkness—to get a year-round open port, with its economic freedom.

Read how Germany and Austria, fearful of the monster's latent strength, have been trying to checkmate her and how they have pinned all in this last, supreme stake.

The Lesson of the Past

THIS master of the pen shows you the glory that was Greece's and the grandeur that was Rome's. He guides you through the Middle Ages, the picturesque old days of feudalism and the crusades; through the Renaissance up to contemporaneous history, which Prof. Grosvenor completes in brilliant manner. In the story of the past lie the secrets of today. And you will understand them better when you get the Review of Reviews for a year—for the Review of Reviews will give you a sane interpretation of the events that are taking place with such rapidity. It is not enough to read the daily news reports. Your ability to comprehend conditions, and to discuss them rationally depends on a true interpretation of the meaning and the "reason why" of events. In your mind you must bring order out of chaos—and the Review of Reviews will do it for you.

Get the REVIEW of REVIEWS for a Year

Send No Money

Send the coupon only. It brings the whole set—four volumes—charges prepaid—absolutely free. All we ask is that—after you get the books and like them—you send 25 cents for shipping and $1.00 a month for three months to pay for the Review of Reviews. If the books aren't worth more than you pay for books and magazine together, send them back at our expense. But be prompt. The world-wide fame of Duruy will make these 5,000 sets disappear from our stock soon at once. Send your coupon today—and be in time.

Review of Reviews Co., 30 Irving Pl., N.Y.

Review of Reviews, 30 Irving Pl., New York:

Send me, on approval, charges paid by you, Duruy's History of the World in 4 volumes bound in cloth. Also enter my name for the Review of Reviews for one year. If I keep the books, I will remit in 10 days 25 cents for shipping and $1 per month for three months for the magazine and retain the History of the World without charge. Otherwise I will, within 10 days, return the books at your expense.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

For cash with order send only $3.00 and we will pay shipping charges.

The beautiful ¾ leather set costs only a few cents more. For a set of this luxurious binding, change 3 months above to 5 months, or send $5.00 cash in full.